

The Dream and the Reality

EDITORIAL

By Kay Fralick

THE UNITED STATES, in the minds of fellows overseas, stood for perfection. They spoke of their home towns and the United States in one breath, as if the two were synonymous, standing for contentment and peace. So many felt that, after



Kay Fralick

docking at their debarkation port and making the trek to their discharge centers, they would be on the threshold of a millenium. Home stood for everything they had been without for the years they had been away. They had seen countries whose customs were different from theirs, whose people were hungry, whose children were clad in rags; people who were homeless, whose schools and churches had been bombed and gutted by fire. And they were grateful that war had not physically touched their homes—that the United States was intact, protected and now stronger than ever.

Oddly enough, many of these same men—and women—and thousands of others besides, do not now take advantage of what the men fought for and what they dreamed about from the time they left home. It is an accepted fact that this war was fought to preserve our political and religious freedom, and our freedom of education. It is disconcerting to see such a small percentage of men and women taking advantage of these freedoms.

For example, isn't it strange that many parents shoo their children off to Sunday School, never dreaming that church would be a good place, too, for parents to spend an hour on Sunday morning. Or else they give their children no encouragement at all to attend or they plan diversions that directly conflict with worship time. It is a lethargy that says, "Well, I can't make it this week—maybe next Sunday, if nothing better turns up, I'll go." And yet we say this is a God-fearing nation.

And with voting, too, we raise a fuss because we don't like what so-and-so is doing in Congress, or we don't care for the President, or we don't like such-and-such a bill. But do we go to the polls to vote on election day? Do we thoroughly analyze the issue for which we are voting, the background and aims of the men and parties for whom we vote—if we vote? Do we tell our congressmen when we are not pleased? Or do we sit around and idly gripe about these situations as if they were beyond our control?

Yes, the United States has privileges that other peoples have done without or have forfeited. And it's up to each of us, as individuals, to support these privileges and never let them slip from our grasp.

FOLLOW THE RULES

By HAROLD DE PEW

THE DEER SEASON is on and I wonder who will excitedly shoot some other hunter or who will shoot you. It's mighty easy to shoot at something moving in the brush and the result of that shot may be tragic. YOU may be the victim. What can be done to prevent such accidents? You can do your part by observing the safety rules of the forest, one of which is



Harold De Pew

wearing a red hat—and, I might add, in a conspicuous place. Lee Staben claims he has never seen a deer wearing a red hat, and come to think of it, neither have I.

If every hunter would follow the law and make sure his target has forked horns before he shoots, a few deer would be lost, but many lives would be saved. And many a hunter would be saved the experience and memory of standing helplessly by while a fellow human's life blood runs out—because of carelessness!

Very little more can be done with the present crop of hunters that hasn't already been done. But you can do something about the future hunters—teach



The Nestucca River Salmon Derby runs from Sept. 28 to Nov. 3. Plenty of prizes. Guy doesn't have enough boats or cabins for everyone, especially week ends. If you are planning on Burns' Cabins, please make your reservations early. Burns' Cabins, Box 178, Cloverdale, Ore.

Wanted: A happy home for three little kittens, 3½ mos. Mother, "Calico" (said to be good); father, questionable. Reported to be good mousers. See Diane Taggart, office.

Pat Borish knows all about where and when to find clams. Try his cabins. Pat & Dot's Cabins, Rt. 1, Box 148, Long Beach, Wash.

Baby buggy for sale: single seater with mattress and rubber tires. See George Porter, inspection.

A woman motorist swerved to a sudden stop before the county jail. "What's happening?" she asked excitedly.

"We just had an earthquake," explained a deputy sheriff.

"Oh, thank goodness! I thought I had a flat tire."

A guide showing an old lady over the Zoo took her to a cage occupied by a kangaroo. "Here, madam," he said, "we have a native of Australia."

The visitor stared at it in horror.

"Good gracious!" she said, "an' to think my sister married one o' them."

your boy to shoot safely. Teach him how to handle a gun, when and where to shoot. Let him join the junior division of a rifle club where he will be shooting with other boys his same age, under the guidance of an experienced coach. And better still, you join the senior division of the club, too.

Every boy, sooner or later, is going to get his hands on a gun, and the most natural thing to do is to point it at someone and pull the trigger, just as he did with his toy gun. If the boy says "BANG," all is well; but if the gun says "BANG," everything's wrong. The three "R's"—"readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic"—are not enough in a boy's education. Let's add a fourth "R"—"rifle."

HEAT TREAT HOT AGAIN

On September 6 Herb Ross and Clay Freeman made the first run of parts in our new heat treating department.

The heat treating room has been rebuilt, and maybe it is not larger, but at least it is better than before the catastrophe last summer. The room itself is better lighted and much of the equipment is better. The equipment alone represents an investment of approximately \$30,000.00. There are two "Hevi-Duty" electric furnaces, one gas furnace that survived, one General Electric pot furnace for carbonizing, and eventually four gas box furnaces and the "Tocco" will be moved over from their present locations in the shop. There are two quenching tanks, a water tank and an oil tank that holds around 3,000 gallons.

In a normal year the department



heat treats from 700,000 to 800,000 pounds of parts.

From now on heat treating will be done without the aid of a salt bath. Amen!

PAY CHECKS

The day before Belle Fontaine was supposed to leave, a note appeared on the bulletin board suggesting that all the fellows kiss her goodbye as she handed out the Friday checks.

Check time came on Friday—but no Belle. The sweet young thing taking her place was threatened a number of times and seemed quite relieved when all the checks had been handed out.

The following Monday a notice came out stating that in the future the foremen would distribute the checks—and we haven't noticed any one kissing any foremen yet!

From now on, instead of looking at a pretty face as you get your weekly paycheck, you fellows will gaze into the sour puss of a foreman, grab your check—and run! Well, there's an old saying about giving a man enough rope and he'll hang himself!

"A little bundle from Heaven came to our house yesterday."

"Boy or girl?"

"Neither, my laundry came back!"

Anybody wanna buy a duck???

EYES & ACHES

Not so long ago we offered words of praise for our good record on eye injuries. Evidently many of us thought we could let down the bars a little, and as a result, there has been an increase in eye injuries lately. Those requiring a doctor's care have come as often as three in one week and two to one person.

Perhaps some of you newer shop employees do not know, but everyone should go to First Aid to be fitted with a pair of safety goggles or glasses. Unless they are prescription, they are free! These glasses are high quality, light weight metal with shatterproof lens and are fitted to assure complete comfort and protection. And if you should need prescription safety glasses, "Stevie" (formally, Mrs. Stephens) in First Aid will gladly tell you about them. Their cost is just a little more than plain vision glasses, for the lens are ground to your prescription.

Recently there has been one back injury.

Be sure to report all accidents to First Aid immediately. It may be more serious than you think, or infection or other complications may set in. With a record on the books of when it happened, your care and your claim, if you should have one, can be arranged with a minimum of detailed checking.

MACHINING 	UNDER VEHICLES 	GRINDING
STRONG ACIDS OR ALKALIES 	PROTECT your VISION <i>One of your most valuable assets</i>	
DRILLING 	CHIPPING 	POURING

©INDEMNITY INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA



Top: Frank Pearsall, Jimmy Piehl, Bill Schuff, Bob Stone, Bill Hupp
Lower: Ed Thorpe, Elton Reddekopp, Morrie Williams, Carl Sparwasser

TOOL GRINDERS

"He that tooteth not his own horn, getteth it not tooted." Miller Bedford.

Along with this idea, we hope you will forgive our writers if they seem rather partial to their fellow workers at Iron Fireman.

Iron Fireman's Tool Grinding Department, during the war and now, is one of the best in the west, both in men and equipment.

There are now, besides the foreman, six grinder hands in the grinding department proper, and two more in the tool crib, who also do grinding along with their other duties.

The tool grinders make or sharpen cutting tools of every description for the entire plant, as well as perform outside work and work sent in from other branches of Iron Firmean. Especially since the increased use of tungsten carbide in cutters and tools, the department, in conjunction with the tool room, has made and is now making a large number and variety of cutters and tools for use in the shop. Not all of the work, but a great part of it, requires grinding to a tolerance as close as .0002 inch.

Some of the work for which this department can be most proud is the number and variety of "special" tools and cutters which were made up during the war and greatly increased the plant's war production. Some of these were combination drills and taps which did both of these operations at once. Form tools that made several diameters, grooves, etc., were another time saver. Many of the tools that did the best work were

designed and manufactured by the tool room and the tool grinders. Nearly all the carbide and high-speed forming tools used by the plant are made up here.

There are four surface grinders, four Universal grinders, two cylindrical grinders, two special cutter grinders and ten off-hand bench grinders, besides the two tap grinders and two drill grinders in the tool crib. With all this equipment, even though the war is over, the nine men in this department are kept busy.

Jimmy Piehl, who transferred from inspection and gauges to the Tool Grinding Department shortly after it moved to its present location in 1943, is foreman of the grinders and of the tool crib. His is the responsibility to see that all dull tools flow in and sharp tools flow out without causing delays in the shop, that the most pressing tools get priority in case of a rush and that new tools are ready when a new job or process starts. The tool crib is no small responsibility. Jimmy is another of those foremen, though, who has been heard by many to state that he has about the best men in the shop. (They all can't have the best, but it is fine they think so.) There is a picture on his desk showing two fine young boys, who are probably Daddy's greatest pride. By looking closely, you will see a new item of adornment on Jimmy's face, but it has a long way to go to become a full fledged soup strainer.

Ed Thorpe, being a twenty-year

man, is the "dean" of the grinders. While Ed has a soft spot in his heart when it comes to engine lathes, he has been grinding tools for four years and rates as a good man at the business. At the present time he is grinding carbide tools. Whoever saw Ed with that droll sense of humor more than just below the surface? Ed's family is a wife and a nineteen-year-old daughter.

Carl Sparwasser is the oldest, in the department seniority, and is an all-around grinder hand, having spent a lot of time on all the machines in the department. At one time Carl was the whole department on graveyard shift. His off-work pastime is sports—every and any kind—and two cute youngsters, a boy four and a girl two and a half. He and Bill Schuff are more than just fair golfers—isn't that right, opponents?

Bill Hupp grinds tools and brazes the carbide in cutters and tools. Bill is next to Carl Sparwasser in "time" in the department and has also worked at all of the operations handled by the tool grinders. He has lots of hobbies and thinks his family (a boy of four and a girl of two) is tops. Bill likes to take pictures, too.

Morrie Williams is the man to see where carbide is concerned. That's his business—and he knows it. Morrie started learning about carbide when Iron Fireman first started using it. He has read and is still studying everything he can lay his hands on that concerns carbide. We use seventeen or eighteen different grades, and it is necessary to know the characteristics of each. In the past Morrie has worked on a number of machines in the department. He has a boy of seven and a girl, age one and a half years.

Bill Schuff, a recent transfer from the Milling Department, has proved that he is a handy man to have around and has earned the sobriquet of "a swell guy." Bill does special circular form tool and carbide grinding on core drills, reamers, etc. And he's quite proud of his children—a girl of six and boy of four.

This may not be, but the whole shop would lay money on the line and require a lot of convincing to shake their opinion that Elton Reddekopp is the best form tool grinder in the business. Surface grinders sit right up and speak at his command. "Red's" reputation has spread far beyond Iron Fireman. He seems to enjoy several sports, too. Recently, to cover the family angle, he welcomed his second daughter.

Frank Pearsall is the bartender who greets you when you step up to the tool crib. For over a year, before he

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"FLU" DUE

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

1920, '21, '22, '23, '24, '25, '27, '28,	
A — — A — — A — —	
— — B — — — — — B	
1929, '30, '31, '32, '33, '34, '35, '36, '37,	
A — — A — — A — — A	
— — — — B* — — — — B	
1938, '39, '40, '41, '42, '43, '44, '45	
— — A — — A — — A — —	
— — B — — — — — B	

*Peak December 28

The crude rhythm obviously suggests that recurrence of influenza B is not to be expected before 1949, but as to influenza A, the more severe of the two, the Commission on Acute Respiratory Diseases stated that, as of September, 1945: "The chances are roughly 7/11 to 1 (64%) that influenza A will reappear during the winter of 1945-6. If it fails to occur in this season, the probability is much greater that it will appear in the following winter"—i. e., 1946-7!

The symptoms of influenza A and B are indistinguishable—inflammation of the respiratory membranes, fever, aching, and prostration, with a dangerous diminution of natural resistance to sinusitis, middle-ear infection and pneumonia. Influenzas are distinguishable from common colds by their intensity, the prostration and the phenomenon of mass onset, evidenced by the simultaneous sudden failure of a large part of a working force to turn up for work.

The dismal outlook for the coming winter is mitigated by the new fact that we have, this time, a preventive vaccine of demonstrated value against both viruses. It was first made in 1942; the Commission on Influenza gave it substantial field trials in advance of the 1943 epidemic in six states and subsequently reported, "For the first time it is clearly shown that subcutaneous vaccination exerts a pronounced effect upon the susceptibility to influenza." Vaccinated groups averaged one-fourth as many cases. The Commission's findings inspired the Army to vaccinate 10,000,000 men in 1945, and the results in the epidemic of 1945-6 are just beginning to come in and are equally favorable. Vaccination requires only a single injection, develops good immunity in two weeks and gives protection for several months, which suggests September as the month for mass inoculations in schools and industries to diminish absences and sickness. Men who were vaccinated in the Army last Fall will need revaccination.



Belle Fontaine assembling lamp presented by her Iron Fireman friends. Well wishers in the background are Katie Sims, Mary Foley, Betty Howell, Donna Ford, Evelyn Elkins, Mabel Evans, Yvonne Larsen, Kay Fralick and Dorothy and Lois Mendenhall

BELLE FONTAINE NOW MRS. BOB STRAUER

Wedding bells rang merrily for Belle Fontaine and Bob Strauser, who were married at a four o'clock ceremony on August 25 at the Little Chapel of the Chimes. Belle, carrying a bouquet of white orchids and pale yellow roses tied with long satin streamers, wore a white chiffon dress with a finger-tip veil caught in a becoming three-heart headdress. She was attended by two bridesmaids and a flower girl. A reception for their friends was held at her home after the wedding.

The Strausers spent a week at Seaside before they took off for Klamath Falls, where Bob is the new manager of the Safeway Warehouse. We all wish Belle and Bob every happiness!

What virus caused the 1918 pandemic is unknown; the next pandemic might be caused by A or B or by another that will have to be hurriedly identified and isolated before a corresponding vaccine can be produced and made available for interrupting the spread of the disease. In such event, the hen will be called to the rescue, for these viruses grow only on living tissue and are cultivated by cutting windows in fertile eggs and inoculating chick embryos. For the Army program of 1945 we utilized 1,000,000 eggs a month.

Don't throw your mouth into high gear until you are sure your brain is turning over.

Thrift is a wonderful virtue, especially in an ancestor.

FOR GIRLS ONLY

Marguerite Roberts of Heating Control has suggested that a social group be formed to furnish entertainment for veterans at the hospital. Anyone who can play a musical instrument, sing, dance, tell stories, play cards, chess or checkers is invited to devote one evening a month to this worthwhile project. There is a wealth of talent in the two plants that would brighten the dull hours of our boys at the Veterans Hospital. Will the girls from Heating control contact Alice Gates or Doris Cressler, and those from Plant 1 contact Mary Foley in IBM and sign up for this entertainment group?

Bless the hot dog—it actually feeds the hand that bites it.



IRON MAN

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HAROLD GOWING Advisor
BERT MILLER Editor
KAY FRALICK Assistant Editor
BILL HUPP Pictures
WALT ROSEBRAUGH Cartoonist

Chief Reporters and Writers

GEORGE PORTER JIM SMITH
HAROLD DE PEW JOAN LINDEN
JEANETTE LUK LEO LAUER
JEANETTE KING CORNELIA FORD
KING HANDLEY VELMA ROTH

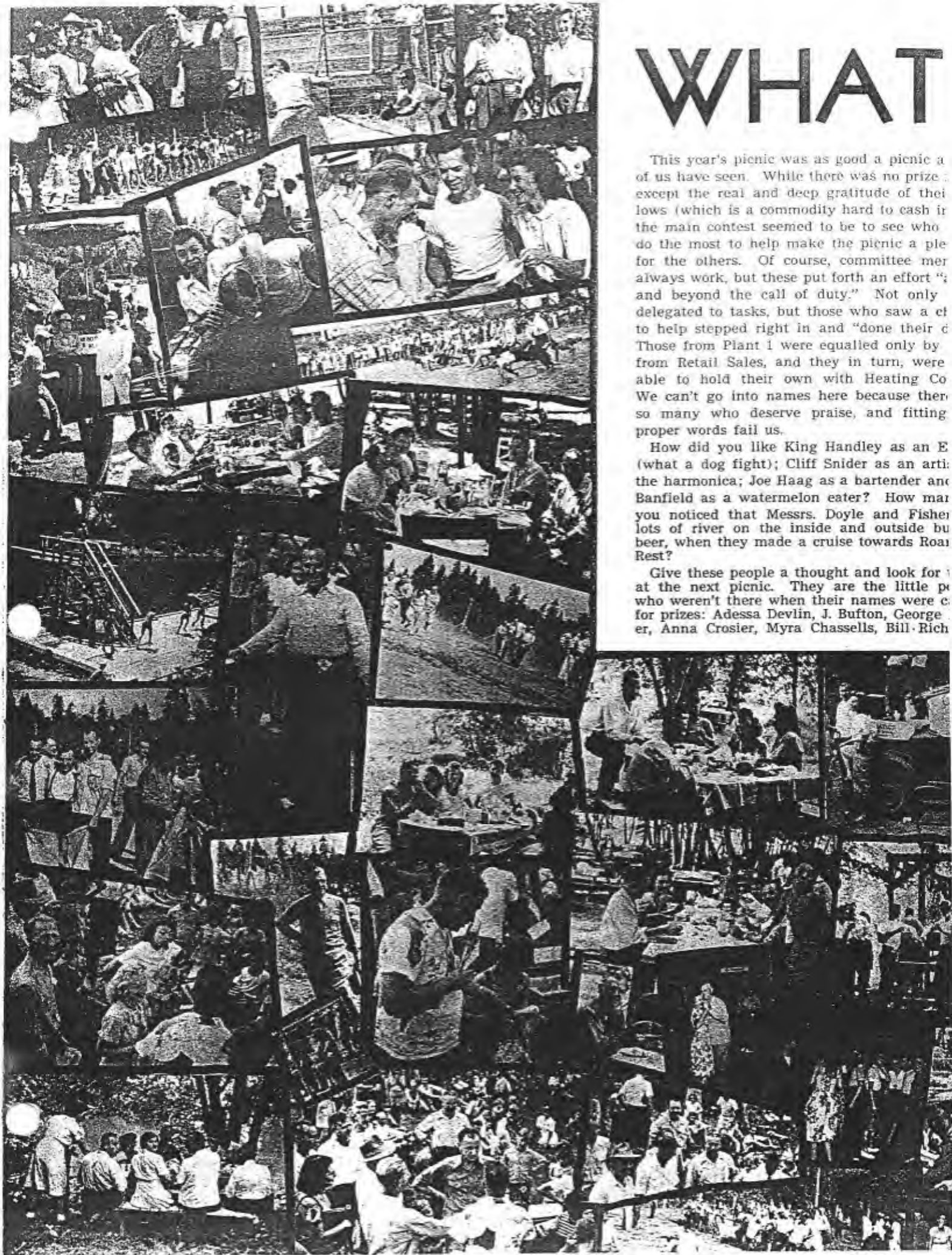
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WHAT

This year's picnic was as good a picnic as of us have seen. While there was no prize except the real and deep gratitude of the lows (which is a commodity hard to cash in the main contest seemed to be to see who do the most to help make the picnic a pleasure for the others. Of course, committee members always work, but these put forth an effort "and beyond the call of duty." Not only delegated to tasks, but those who saw a chance to help stepped right in and "done their duty." Those from Plant 1 were equalled only by those from Retail Sales, and they in turn, were able to hold their own with Heating Company. We can't go into names here because there are so many who deserve praise, and fitting proper words fail us.

How did you like King Handley as an E (what a dog fight); Cliff Snider as an artist; the harmonica; Joe Haag as a bartender and Banfield as a watermelon eater? How many of you noticed that Messrs. Doyle and Fisher lots of river on the inside and outside of beer, when they made a cruise towards Roanoke Rest?

Give these people a thought and look for them at the next picnic. They are the little people who weren't there when their names were called for prizes: Adessa Devlin, J. Bufton, George Miller, Anna Crosier, Myra Chassells, Bill Rich-



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Doyle Harris, Walt Bahnsen, Herb Schilling, James Haines, Howard Mecum, Bill Norman, Paulena Shown, Steve Putnam, Don Allen, Bill Brennan, Lewis Byrne, Ed Lunda, Elver Unis, Velma Roth, Roy Englund, Gloria Hines, Doris Duckett, Helen Manning, L. Olson, Emmet Klee, W. Gruhlke, R. Parish and Anna Ostler.

John Werner was the winner of the \$100 war bond. Emmet Klee and Al Olson got first call, but were not present.

Other prize winners were: Mrs. Ray Gates, mystery girl, \$5; Haskell Carter, mystery man, \$5. He returned it to the drawing, and Roger Byers was the lucky one.

Merchandise Orders, \$5, Oliver Bowers and Ed Hoffmeister; \$3, Laura Lauer; \$2.50, Eugene Bergen; \$2, Henrietta Zimmerman. Portable radio, Jack Bufton; Pendleton blanket, Loren Byers. 1-gallon thermos jugs, Rosemary Snodgrass and Wm. Stall; Ping pong sets, Oscar Omie and Adolph Miller; Electric lanterns, Richard Parrish, Predetta Heisler, Steve Putnam, Walt Swanson, Ed Lunda, Miss Crowell and Vern Wilson; Flashlights, Adam Gellner, Bob Stone, George Leake and Verda Thralls; Set of Dishes, Edna Jackson; Poker chips and Chess set, Lloyd Lushanko; Croquet set, Walt Manning.

Spot dance awards went to, first, Sam Mitola and Nellie Heckman, and second, Frank Keller and Velma Buzzee.

The horse shoe pitching champs for the year 1946 are Messrs. Peake and Hostetler and Neff and Riehl were the runner-ups. There will come another year, fellas, so watch out.

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WHAT A DAY

(Continued from Page 5)

Following are race results:

Girls, 6 to 9 yrs. 1st, Janet Zimmerman; 2nd, Charlene Gray; 3rd, Laura Lee Lauer.

Boys, 6 to 9 yrs. 1st, Phillip Walker; 2nd, Lynn Swabbie.

Girls, 10 to 12 yrs. 1st, Sandra Lake; 2nd, Anna Wright; 3rd, Doris Farlow.

Boys, 10 to 12 yrs. 1st, Earl Pickett, Jr.; 2nd, Dickie Holder; 3rd, John Farlow.

Father and Son, Wheelbarrow. 1st, Adolph and Orville Miller; 2nd Ted Kinney and Ed Hughe's son; 3rd, Adolph Olson and son.

Girls, 13 to 16 yrs. 1st, Betty Lauer; 2nd, Becky Wright; 3rd, Marjory Byer.

Boys, 13 to 16 yrs. 1st, Mike Mitola; 2nd, Keith Gowing; 3rd, Lynn Schwalbe.

Fat Man's 3-legged race. 1st, Don Charles and Jim Hart; 2nd, Glenn Schwalbe and Glenn Wright.

Womens, 75 yard. 1st, Audrey Wallace; 2nd, Gladys Cook; 3rd, Wilma Miller.

Mens, 100 yards. 1st, Bob Olson; 2nd, Carl Sparwasser; 3rd, Fred La Marr.

Four-legged race (3 men) 1st, Lowell Miller, Bob Mann, Orville Miller; 2nd, Fred La Marr, George Morgan, Al Hoffmeister.

12-man tug of war. 1st, Plants 1 and 2.

Ladies' Nail Driving Contest. 1st, Mrs. Martin Polka; 2nd, Mrs. Jack Allen; 3rd, Mrs. Harold Walker.

Novelty Event. 1st, Walter Cook and Irene Evers; 2nd, George Morgan and Janet.

Egg Throwing Contest; 1st, Jerry Kiesendahl and Betty Packer; 2nd, Martin Polka and Mrs. Evans.

Don't forget to save, and don't forget that payroll savings for bonds is the safest way.

Duck, folks!

Man is the only animal that blushes—or needs to!

If you're superstitious about the number "13" better peddle your "eagle quarters." There are 13 letters in the words "quarter dollar;" 13 letters in "E Pluribus Unum;" 13 stars on one side of the coin; 13 stars over the eagle's head; 13 horizontal bars in the shield; 13 arrows in the eagle's claw; 13 leaves in the olive branch; 13 feathers on the eagle's neck. (Please mail all unlucky quarters to the editor.)

COPY CATS

Iron Fireman Heating Control, not to be outdone by its big brothers, Plant 1 and the Industrial Division, gave the Portland Fire Department a workout on September 5. It seems that some passerby decided to look into the little red box hanging on the Tenth Street side of the building. As a result, a false alarm was sounded. Imagine the surprise of the Heat Controllers when no less than six fire trucks and an equal number of police squad cars and an army of firemen invaded the premises with their trusty axes, all ready to indulge in their favorite pastime.

After convincing them there was no fire in the building and that the occupants liked their windows intact, they picked up their axes, took their trucks and went home.

Diplomat: A man who talks his wife into being sorry for the girl who lost her bobby pin in the back seat of his car.

Vision: What people think you have when you guess right.

TOOL GRINDERS

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 3)

went into the service, Frank worked graveyard and swing as a tool grinder, covering most of the machines in the department. Elsewhere in this issue you will find mention of a recent addition to the Pearsall family.

Bob Stone is also in the Tool Crib, but his duties seem to be more clerical. There is a good deal of record keeping, with prints, gauges and thousands of tools to keep track of. Both Bob and Frank grind tools, mostly taps and drills. Since Bob hasn't any children, his spare time is spent dabbling in real estate.

TWO MORE RETURN



Orville Miller

Orville Miller, that obliging young trucker, is a recent returnee from our armed services. Here we count him a first-class Iron Fireman man, and in the navy he was rated as a Fireman First Class. Orville wore the blues for two years and four months, and two years of this time was spent at Pearl Harbor. He says, briefly, he was "in long enough."

Kay Fralick, who writes our guest editorial for this issue, is a temporary returnee. Kay has been gone a year and a half, 13 months of which was spent in France near Le Havre as a Red Cross club worker in a staging area. Much of the time Kay was in charge of her unit. She is filling in a few weeks at her old job in Personnel, but will leave us again soon. All who know Kay wish her stay could be longer.

Friday, September 13, was a bad day for both the IRON MAN and Iron Fireman. Jean Smith, office reporter and billing clerk, who has worked here for the last three years, left to be with her husband, who was transferred to The Dalles, Oregon. Jean's many friends at Iron Fireman presented her with a place setting of her silver, "Candlelight" by Towle.

YOUNGER GENERATION



STAR GARDENERS

By Howard H. Prew

THERE ARE GARDENERS, and then there are gardeners. This is usually the time of year that gardeners get paid off. Some are plain dirt farmers, and others are the hot-house variety. There are a good many Iron Men who are gardeners and farmers of various types and classes, and I would like to mention them all. But here are two men who take great pleasure in their gardening. Even though you may have seen them frowning, at one time or another, you can always find them behind an ear-to-ear grin in their gardens.

Pete Goranoff may be a little man who isn't seen much around the plant, but he's a great big guy around home who isn't seen much, either. He'll be hard at work, deep in his garden; and when I say deep, I don't mean he's beyond hog-calling distance, for his garden isn't large, but tall.

Fifteen years ago Pete bought a dozen assorted tomato plants. That was the last of the plant buying, for he has raised the rest from seed. This year he has four varieties of red and four varieties of yellow, with a total of 139 plants. They all are six feet tall and planted so close together that one moves between them with difficulty, partly because zucchini and crooked neck squash, kohlrabi and cabbage are planted between the rows.

The red varieties include the Beefsteak, Bell, Break of Day and the Oxheart. The yellow varieties include the Beefsteak, Bonnie Best, Golden Jubilee and the Oxheart. The yellow Oxheart is his own creation by planting a Golden Jubilee and a red Oxheart side by side. Well, you've heard of the birds and bees and "stuff like that there." This time it was a bee who cross-pollinated these two plants, and the red Oxheart became a yellow Oxheart instead. Simple, isn't it?

In Pete's garden you will also find both bleached and green celery, sweet corn, string beans and grapes. One thing you will not find is weeds. Pete says, "They're no good," so out they go. His neat house is surrounded by a confusion of shrubs and flowers—chrysanthemums, dahlias, begonias, roses and a great many more beautiful species. Pete's compact garden shows a lot of hard work and loving care. In fact, it's his hobby.



Pete Goranoff and Paul Gierke

And then there is Paul Gierke, who also gardens for a hobby. Paul owns about an acre of land about a mile south of Carver where he does his dirt farming. He has several varieties of vegetables, flowers and shrubs under cultivation. A one-cylinder engine supplies power for

irrigation from pretty Clear Creek, which flows along the edge of his property. Two livable cottages make this place look like a weekend playground—if you can call farming play. However, it seems as if these people never include their hobby in work hours. It's fun, they claim.

You've all seen Paul fastidiously dressed around the shop; for a real treat you should see him in his garden. A battered old hat, blue denim shirt and overalls, an old but comfortable pair of shoes, a huge grin and a twinkle in his eyes—that's what a hobby will do to a person.

At his Portland residence he has a greenhouse where he gives his plants a mighty good start. The starting beds are electrically heated and thermostatically controlled. The opening and closing of windows are electric-motor powered, and they too, are controlled by a thermostat. A half dozen spray nozzles keep the place damp. During the winter an Iron Fireman stoker furnishes the necessary heat. Paul is growing tuberous begonias, camellias, rhododendrons and many other plants, including a lemon tree.

The yard, besides being filled with flowers and shrubs, also contains a pond filled with water lilies and moss. A peculiar type of fish, known as a "weather fish," jumps and splashes the surface whenever a change of weather occurs.

Whenever I consider the amount of pure and unadulterated work some people extend to pursue a hobby, I think I'll just stick to my overstuffed armchair activities.

MONEY MATTERS

A FIFTY-FIVE CENT TRICK

Set up two quarters and a nickel in a line, with the nickel in the middle, and the edges of the coins touching. Now, bet someone that you can place one of the quarters in the middle instead of the nickel, under these conditions:

The quarter at the left may be moved but not touched.

The quarter at the right may be moved and touched.

The nickel may be touched but not moved.

Can it be done?

Answer:

Place one finger of your left hand firmly on the nickel. Place two fingers of your right hand on the right hand quarter into the middle. The impact will cause the left hand quarter to spring to the left, thereby allowing enough space to move the right hand quarter into the middle.

ODDS OR EVEN

Astound your friends with this one. Get someone to conceal a dime in one hand and a penny in the other. Have him multiply the value of coin in his right hand by 4 or 6 or 8, and the value of the coin in his left hand by 3 or 5 or 7. Then ask him to add the two products and tell you the total. If the total is even, the penny is in his right hand; if it is odd, the dime is in his right hand.

COMMUNITY CHEST

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)
use the payroll deduction method of contribution.

Bill Mirwald, who used to work in the turret lathe department once told of an experience. It seems that Bill was eating his lunch at a place he worked before coming here. It was Community Chest time and there were the usual griping and claims of graft. One of the men spoke up and said, "You fellows may not know it, but I am an orphan. I was raised in a Catholic orphanage. Our clothes, studies and even our food were governed by the amount of money on hand. When finances ran low the priests had to leave us to go out and beg money wherever they could. After the Community Chest was established, with its annual allotment and an established budget we did much better and evenly the year around, without fear of the next days."



STRICTLY PERSONAL



Proud Papa Club for September—**Frank Pearsall**, with a 6 lb. 9 oz. daughter named "Tamsen Anne;" **Neil Elkins**, also boasting a girl, 9 lb. 2½ oz. "Trudy Louise;" **Joe Herron**, proud of his new daughter (his third,) whose name and weight have not been divulged; and to hold up the male population, **Bill Norman** tells us of a son, "John Howard," weighing 8 lb. 3 oz.

There is no danger of being surprised by a flat at the end of the day—or is there, **Evelyn Elkins**????

Medicine Chest Department: **Dick Brenneke** for the last month.

The first, and as far as we know, the only employee to try the St. Helen's "Hair Farmer" treatments is **Frank Duncan**, who is still patiently waiting for some fuzz to appear. **Frank** hasn't yet given up hope, but if he does, the gang in the turret lathe department have volunteered to grow mustaches which will be cut off and transplanted on **Frank's** bare noggin.

Hold it—a late flash says **Herb View** is already a customer and reports some fuzzy success.

Many of the office employees were surprised to receive their checks from **Diane Taggart** last payday. **Donna Ford**, who has been check dispenser for the last year and a half, has been thinking about autumn in her home town of Astoria, and thoughts of home can't be resisted. We'll miss her, for she has been here since October, 1943.

Lloyd Lushanko got up early enough the other morning (2:30 a. m., to be exact) to have himself a wreck. Another Iron Man in the car was **Tom McClarnon**, who showed up for work well camouflaged with bandages. It has been said that, though **Lloyd** was not going very fast, the cops had quite a walk as they stepped off the skid marks on the pavement. No one was hurt seriously, and for that we can be thankful.

The "Searching Wind" found **Fern Harris'** skirt the other day, much to the delight of ogle-eyed truck drivers.

What's that sparkler on **Doris Duckett's** third finger, left hand? Has been told to us that Valentine's Day next will be the happy day!

After **Dott Zanotto** had merrily trilled, "Good afternoon, Iron Fireman" into the phone for two hours straight, a customer came up to the counter. Said the customer, "Hello." Said **Dott**, "Good afternoon, Iron Fireman."

Dick Osweiler—how are tires and redheads alike? Hmm—both need to be recapped—sometimes! (Could be this is the clue for **Dick's** being three days late from his vacation.)

Bob Jack returned from Cleveland just in time to bid adieu to **Jackie Biethan**. **Bob** now has **Phyllis Johnson** to help him control Cost Control.

What's this about **Art Pulliam's** no-accident record being smashed by a nasty old truck?

The **Wallace-Hansen-Hansen** team in purchasing has been dissolved by **Ansley's** leaving during mid-September.

Jeannette Lux can boast of being stopped on Gladstone for doing 40 MPH—and getting off without a ticket. (Ed. Note: Not all of us who are stopped can boast of being **Jeannette Lux**, however.)

Evonne Larsen, a former employee of Plant 1, is now back in the fold as receptionist in the Retail Department.

Joe Porter and **John James**, engineers from the Cleveland branch, held an interesting meeting at the Retail office on September 3. Pictures were shown and instructions given on the installation of oil burners, furnaces and stokers.

Major: "The man who sneaked out of the barracks last night and met a girl in the woods will step forward. COM-PA-NY HALT!"

We all heard of **Bill Huntley**, **Tiny Wright** and **Marion Maxwell** entering the salmon derby—but that is all we did hear!

Who carries a dust cloth in her purse and has duck eggs on her chair?

Every once in a while we run into something that makes us feel a little better about everything. One of our staff was talking to a small business man who told about his daughter recently having an Iron Fireman oil burner installed in her home. She is a woman who studies everything she can on a subject that is going to affect her. After studying features and records, she chose an Iron Fireman burner (naturally). She has been as satisfied as she expected, but the thing she commented on most was the installing crew. They knew their business and did a prompt, workman-like job—with no complaints about the layout of the house, its equipment or anything!

Always on the lookout for a front page story, your editor followed right along when he heard someone mutter, "I'm going to poison Nell." Pshaw—all he did was go up to Personnel to reinstate his bond deductions.

Ed Jordan recently left Iron Fireman to go into the garage business at Prineville, Oregon, where his parents live. **Ed** was with us for eleven years. He worked in different departments in the shop, although the turret lathes claimed most of his time. If he puts as much energy in his new business as he did here, he'll be a sure success.

The local Sellwood paper carries a report that **Reg Strange**, whom many of us in the shop will remember, has been seriously injured at Manila. **Reg** is an officer in the Merchant marine. The motor on a launch which was to take him back to his ship refused to start, and when he attempted to start it, it exploded. His wife and daughter anxiously await the frequently received reports of his condition. Here we will be waiting for good news of his complete recovery.



Jim Smith, Cornelia Ford, Leo Lauer, Joan Linden

HEATING CONTROL, ATTENTION!

By THE EDITOR

As you know, Velma Roth and King Handley have been IRON MAN reporters since your plant became part and parcel of Iron Fireman. Velma has been the reporter for the office and has turned in a goodly number of items, considering the small number of people from whom she can draw news. King has had to cover the rest of the plant, although he is one of the busiest persons there with his regular duties. These extra-curricular activities were almost too much, but somehow he found time to get some news and write it up. And when it comes to writing style, King is hard to beat. His writing in the humorous vein brings forth more words of praise and draws more interest than any other contributor.

No matter how good he is, one person just can't have the contacts to get news that several can. Heating Control has nearly as many employees as the main plant and should have a proportionate amount of coverage in our paper. We have found that, with several reporters around handy, it is always easy for a person with a story on his mind to contact one of them. Also, several pairs of ears can pick up more newsy items in general conversations.

We still are looking forward to copy from our old standbys, but are adding some new names to the staff. Joan Linden, Cornelia Ford, Jim Smith and Leo Lauer are our neophytes and have already turned in a nice group of items. You at Heating Control have probably not found as much H. C. news as you would like to see—but as you turn in more items, the IRON MAN will increase in interest, and as a result, the news and interest will pyramid until we can't print all we receive—as is often the case at Plant 1.

Remember, this paper belongs to all Portland employees of Iron Fireman!

For several days recently Bill Beardsley of our Engineering Experimental Department was nursing a large bump on his head. It seems that Bill was working in the large display cases on the wall of the experimental room when two of the large glass fronts jumped their tracks and fell on his head. With all the attending confusion, Bill still had the presence of mind to catch one of the glasses and prevent its breaking. Some juggling act, we'd say!

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The new timekeeper transferred to the office is **Bette Thralls**. Bette has been with Iron Fireman for over a year and was transferred from the Assembly Department to replace **Hazel Forsman** who was forced to retire because of ill health. Bette still insists that she enjoys "marking time."

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Another bride of the hour—**Myra Fernetta Chessells** became the bride of **Robert Charles Taylor** on August 23. The service was read by Reverend John at the Little Chapel of the Chimes. Myra was given in marriage by her father, and wore white satin and net and carried gardenias and stephanotis. Leeta Ann Chessells was maid of honor for her sister and Mrs. Orpheus Stelber and Mary Ann Childs also attended her. Paul Heinz was best man. After a reception at the bride's home, the couple went on a Canadian wedding trip. They will live in Wilsonville.

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If anyone has a slightly used Admiral's uniform, we suggest they donate it to **Merle Triplett**. Merle built himself a new boat during the summer, and with the softball season completed spends some spare time cruising on the Columbia River.

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We are glad to welcome the return of **Molly Ingles**, who worked with us during the war. Meantime, **Molly** tried her hand at poultry raising. Just ask her, "How's the chicken business?" and she will no doubt reply, "The egg and I don't speak."

OLD MAID'S CORNER

From Heating Control Division

Our Motto: "It won't tell to me, I only heard."

Edith and Hack Luciana celebrated their fourth wedding anniversary on September 9. Actually, this was their first anniversary together, since **Hack** was in the service for three years. A small group of friends were at their home for the evening, and **Hack** presented **Edith** with a lovely rhinestone lapel pin. Best wishes, folks!

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Anyone calling Heating Control recently probably noticed that something new has been added. The something new is **Yvonne Larsen**, who was hired to take over the duties of switchboard operator and receptionist.

Another new employee in the Engineering Department is **Virgil Frandraftsman**. **Virgil** formerly worked for three years at the American Sheet Metal Works as an Engineer.

Welcome to Iron Fireman, **Yvonne** and **Virgil**!

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The evening of September 7 **Doris Cressler** responded to popular demand by giving another of her enjoyable "open house" lawn parties. As usual, this party was a "howling success" and was thoroughly enjoyed by a large group of employees.

Entertainment was provided by various lawn games and music, not to mention a special rendition by our maestro, **Harold Staats**. (We still don't know what happened to **Adolph Freeman**.) After consuming large quantities of "lemonade and maraschino cherries," the entire group gathered around an outside grill and proceeded to overeat, as is the usual custom when good food, and lots of it, is available. Everyone attending had a wonderful time, and we hope that **Doris** can see her way clear to try it again sometime. We surely love those parties!

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Lois Rieschel had a lovely trip to Los Angeles during early September. She was accompanied by a young brother who has just been discharged from the army. While visiting relatives in the California metropolis they saw some of the highlights of Hollywood, as well.



Pinball Patter

The Iron Fireman bowling league is scheduled to bowl their first round October 5 at the Central Bowling Alleys. The league will start on the Central Alleys and will roll there approximately five weeks, or until the new alleys at S. W. 21st and Jefferson are completed, when the league bowling time will be Thursday evenings at seven o'clock. Ten teams are scheduled for competition in this year's play. On the first night (or rather, the first morning) at Central Alleys, all the regular bowlers for the teams and the spares will bowl for handicaps. The starting time is scheduled for eleven in the morning, but if arrangements can be made with the pin boys, the starting time will be moved up to ten o'clock, giving more time for Saturday afternoon shopping.

Iron Fireman is fortunate this year to have an evening which the majority of bowlers wish, rather than taking whatever evening is available. We are also starting out on brand new alleys, said to be the best bowling plant in the northwest. The owners and operators of these new alleys are old-time, experienced league bowlers and they know alleys and their operation, thinking first of the bowler's pleasure and enjoyment.

If anyone wishes to bowl with the league this year and has not yet submitted his name to the league secretary, see George Porter immediately. And the same thing applies to anyone who has already advised us of his intention to bowl—if you don't intend to roll the entire season, please let us know.

The lineups for the ten teams are as follows; the names of the team captains are printed in bold type.

Tulips: Ed Hoffmeister, Terry Lowry, Pete Schlechter, Wes Richardson, Bob Neelands.

Pansies: Scotty Laing, Al Foster, Ken Tupper, Wayne Strong, Lee Cole.

Asters: Elmer Richardson, Earl Winkler, George Porter, Walt Rosebraugh, Herb View.

Carnations: Chet Banta, Ted Kinney, Max Richardson, Al Schwerin, Steve Putnam.

Roses: Les Strand, Ray Gates, Ray Rigutto, Phil McGuire, Bob Duncan.

Sweet Peas: Bill Schuff, Fred Hansen, Will Sott, Frank Wright, Harold Staats.

SHOTS → → → From the Firing Line

By Hakon De Pew

After all of us conceded the permanent possession of the trophy to Richard Buckley, who should come along at the last minute and disrupt everything? Nobody else but Elton Reddekopp. This unforeseen win makes him a two-timer and so, with the new month beginning, and straining at the sling straps, we all are having another shot at it.

Last month Bert Miller attended the Pacific Northwest Regional Smallbore event held in Seattle, where the winner in each of the four classes was given a free trip to Camp Perry, Ohio, to participate in the national matches during the first week in September. Maybe some of you have noticed that Bert hasn't been absent from his machine recently — better luck next year.

On Labor Day Bert Miller, Rex Smallmon and yours truly attended a local .30 cal. qualification match at Clackamas Range. We blasted away and let the trophies fall where they would. I still say we shoot just for fun!

Soon after the current hunting season closes, the Columbia-Willamette League starts activities for the coming winter months. Anyone interested in the art of target shooting may enjoy this sport by applying to Bert Miller. Who knows—you may even be placed on a team. Possibilities of placing all Iron Fireman shooters on one team are excellent, so join up and enjoy the fun.

Poppies: Bus Hall, Chuck Duffy, Bill Packer, Bob LaFortune, Bill Brennan.

Snap Dragons: Morrie Williams, Jimmy Piehl, John Leake, Dave Rolfe, Don Glutsch.

Orchids: Bob Stone, Al Hoffmeister, Walt Hohenleitner, Fred Taylor, A. R. Kaiser.

Bachelor Buttons: Roy Englund, Ed LaFortune, Bob Chambers, Don Allen, Harry Becker.

Spares: Eddie Hughes, Ted Walker, Orville Lamvik, Bill Tanna, Howard Nelson, Rudy Sott, Adolph Olson, Ed Lunda, Paul Manthe.

SOFTBALL WINDUP

The Heating Control division represented Iron Fireman in softball during the past summer with a creditable showing during the first half of the season, playing in the industrial "A" league. The shortage of replacements made the team's standing a bit lower in the second half.

In the consolation playoff series of the minor leagues, the team won two games and lost the same number. The season was successful in many ways, however, for some outstanding players were brought out, good fellowship was evident at all times, and the prospects for next year are excellent.

It is worthwhile to plan now for the 1947 softball games with a team comprised of the top hands from the entire Portland Iron Fireman personnel—Plants 1 and 2, Retail Sales and Heating Control. The Heating Control division heartily endorses the idea of a strong representation from the main plant, particularly after learning the hard way at the annual picnic just how well the Plant 1 team plays at this popular pastime.

Golfers Nearing End

The "grrreat" Iron Fireman Match Play Golf Tournament will soon be over. The Finals will be covered in the next issue. At present, the scores are in for the three lower flights and all but the last two rounds in the championship flight.

George Porter defeated "Bus(y)" Hall 3 and 2 and is waiting for the winner between Carl Sparwasser and Ted (Tyro) Walker. Then will be the last and final round. "Stynky" Packer trimmed "Smudder" Hansen 3 and 2 for the top honors of the first flight to take \$15 and leave \$10 for Mr. Hansen. In the second flight, "Alibi" Olson took the \$10 first money from "Ready" Reddekopp to the tune of 2 and 1. Red was glad of his \$7.50, though. "Pop" Winkler mixed golf and "Mairsie Doats" to take the third flight from "Fergy" Ferguson for \$7.50 and \$5 respectively.

Voter: "Why, I wouldn't vote for you if you were St. Peter himself."

Candidate: "If I were St. Peter, you couldn't vote for me. You wouldn't be in my district."